you." The Giant, who had never seen *Tom* before but in his Mess of Porridge, trembled with Amazement; and thinking that he fell from the Moon to punish his Iniquities, begged that he might live to make Amends for his bad Behaviour. Then sleep, says *Tom*, and I will see you again. So, from this Time, *Tom* left off goading him with his little Sword, and he soon recovered. After this, he was very fond of Mr. *Thumb*, and would do nothing without him; so that *Tom* had, in a manner, the whole Direction of the Kingdom, and made all the People happy, by a fair and equal Distribution of Justice; and for that Purpose he rode in Pomp, in a Coach drawn by ten Squirrels, all round the Kingdom, and wrote a particular Account of the Country and the Inhabitants, their Laws, Customs, and Manners; which, we are told, will soon be revised and published. To avoid putting the Inhabitants to any Expence on this Journey, he carried his Provisions with him in the Coach, as Travellers do in *Spain*, and ordered his Squirrels to draw him every Night up a Tree, where they all lodged safely, and without either Trouble or Expence.

In this Journey, *Tom* sat as Judge in most Places

Places he came to, and commanded the Criminals, and those who had quarrelled to come before him, that he might try the one and decide the Differences of the other, without Favour or Affection. Among other Causes, I remember a rich Man was brought before him, and accused of not giving any Relief to the Poor in the late hard Season. Upon which, *Tom* ordered him to eat out of the Hutch, among his own Hogs, till his Head and Heart were humanized, and he had learned to feel the Misfortunes of others.

On his Return to Court, he was admired and applauded both by King and People, for they had all heard of his wise and good Behaviour in the Country; and *Grumbo* made him a Present of a *Flamsham* of Gold, and gave him his Daughter in Marriage; who, though she was a Giantess, loved little *Tom*, and always carried him about in her Bosom; nor is it a Wonder, for we find the Patagonian Women were fond of our Sailors, tho' they were not half so big as their own Countrymen.

Tom lived happily with his gigantic Wife for many Years, and then died greatly lamented both by King and People, who erected a splendid Monument to his Memory.

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